

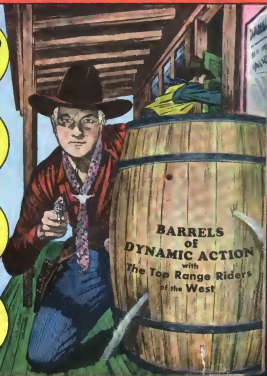
# Real WESTERN HERO

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#### 4. Research Publications

**Editor**  
**W. HILL**



**Abstract**

Figure 1: Schematic representation of the experimental design. The diagram shows a sequence of events: 'Stimulus presentation' (a box with a question mark), 'Response' (a box with a question mark), 'Feedback' (a box with a question mark), and 'Inter-trial interval' (a box with a question mark). The sequence is repeated for 'Trial 1' and 'Trial 2'.

**Figure 1**

**Figure 6**

**THE MOUNTAIN VIEW**

BOB WINSLOW  
of the club

**PARCETTE  
FUNNY ANIMALS**

**THE NEW WESTERN**

**Abstract**

MONTI, PAUL WINTERH

REAL ESTATE

## THE UNCLE SAM

## ROPALISSE CASHON

CLIMATE CHANGE, ENVIRONMENTAL QUALITY, AND WELL-BEING

Every effort is made to insure that these remanufactured remains the highest quality of whole-tissue reconstruction.

**Abstract**



HOPALONG CASSIDY (STARRING  
WILLIAM BOYD)  
in "BORDER PATROL"  
TOM MIX in  
"THE RIDE TO DOOM"  
GABBY HAYES in  
"TRAIL OF GOLD"  
MONTE HALE in  
"DUEL TO THE DEATH"

WASH STATE  
SIGN

12

**A  
strong  
quality  
control**



State	Year	COVID-19	Dengue	Malaria
Acre	2019	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
	2020	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
	2021	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
Amapá	2019	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
	2020	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
	2021	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
Amazonas	2019	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
	2020	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
	2021	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
Pará	2019	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
	2020	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
	2021	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
Roraima	2019	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
	2020	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
	2021	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
Suriname	2019	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
	2020	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000
	2021	~10,000	~10,000	~10,000

RESEARCH REPORT

[illegible]

**Keywords:** child sexual abuse; disclosure; social support

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

"IN" **BORDER PATROL**



YOU'VE TEAPPED  
MR. HOPALONGS—  
BUT WE'LL DROWN  
TOGETHER!

SIX-GUNS  
THUNDERED  
ALONG THE MEXICAN  
BORDER AS BANDS OF  
MARAUDING OUTLAWS SURFED  
ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE!  
WHEN HOPALONG CASSIDY RUCKLES  
ON HIS ARTILLERY AND GOES AFTER  
THE THREAT TO LAW AND ORDER,  
HE SOON FINDS HIMSELF IN A HOLE  
.....IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!

GALLOPING WILDLY DOWN THE MAIN  
STREET OF A WESTERN TOWN ----



EEE—YIPPEE!

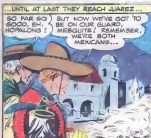
BANG! BANG!

JUMPING CATFISH!  
IT'S ANOTHER  
OUTLAW RAID.  
HOPALONGS! THAT  
MAKES THREE  
THIS WEEK!

SOOOO! I'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR THIS!  
NOW TO GET TO THE  
BOTTOM OF THESE  
RAIDS!















AS THE OUTLAW CHIEF IS SUBDUED, MESQUITE IS NOT IDLE!



I SEE! THEN YOU TOO WERE POSING AS AN OUTLAW TRYING TO STOP THE SAUSAGE-ING!



AT THE SAME TIME YOU AND YOUR FRIEND WERE ENGAGING YOURSELVES AS AMERICANS TO TRAP WHITESIDE!

IF YOU GENTS ARE FINISHED GOSSEING, I SUGGEST WE HEED THESE WAVEYICKS THROUGH THE TUNNEL JUST TO THE ENTRANCE ON THE U.S. SIDE! MUST BE A MESS OF JAIL CELLS WAITING FOR 'EM!



THOSE CHAINS! IF I CAN JUST KICK THEM TAUT...



...LIKE THIS!



HIS COULT, I'LL GRAB IT!

IN THE DARK TUNNEL MESQUITE DOES NOT SEE THE CUNNING TRAP!

WHAT TH— I'M TRIPPING!



HOPALONG! WHITESIDE SEASSED MY GUN—AND HE'S RUNNING BACK IN THE TUNNEL. HE'LL GIT AWAY!

QUICK! YOU AND GARCIA TAKE THE PRISONERS TO THE ENTRANCE!



WHILE I GO AFTER WHITESIDE WHO SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND ONLY ONE LANGUAGE—SIX-GUN TALK!



OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE!

IN TUNNEL,  
IT'S BROKEN  
THROUGH!  
TH' RIVER'S  
FOURIN' IN!

IT MUST BE FLOODED  
THROUGHOUT! YOUR  
FRIEND, HOPALONG, HE  
IS VERY BRAVE, VERY  
COURAGEOUS HOMERE,  
BUT I AM AFRAID...

...HE DIE!

NO! AS LONG  
AS THERE'S A  
CHANCE —  
HOPALONG  
WON'T GIVE  
UP!



AND RESCUE IS GOING!

GOT...TO...GET  
OUT! GOT TO!

HOPALONG!  
YOU MADE  
IT!



AND THANK YOU,  
GARCIA! AS LONG AS  
MEN LIKE US CAN  
WORK TOGETHER,  
I RECKON OUR  
COUNTRIES  
WILL ALWAYS  
GET ALONG  
TOGETHER!

WHAT HAPPENED  
IN THERE? AND  
WHAR'S WHITE-  
SIDE?

THE REVERBERATION OF THE  
SUNSHOTS WEAKENED THE  
TUNNEL ROOF...BROKE IT  
IN! I ESCAPED BY  
SWIMMING AS FAR AS  
I COULD, AND  
CRAWLING THE  
REST! IT SEEMED  
LIKE A YEAR  
BEFORE I GOT  
OUT! I GUESS  
WHITE-SIDE  
DIDN'T MAKE IT!

SEROR, MAY I  
THANK YOU FOR  
THE MEXICAN GOVERN-  
MENT! YOU HAVE HELPED  
END BOTH OUR COUNTRIES  
OF A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL  
...AND ENDED A VICIOUS  
SNAULING SCHEME!



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REAL WESTERN HERO

ADVERTISEMENT

# VERNON STEPHENS

CHAMPION SHORTSTOP  
OF BOSTON  
RED SOX

HE EATS  
WHEATIES, OYUM

WHY'S  
HE GOT -A  
MACHINE-GUN?

CALLER "JUNIOR" BY  
TEAMMATES, STEPHENS  
DOES A MAN-SIZED JOB IN  
RED SOX INFIELD. HAS A TERRIFIC  
THROWING ARM - OFTEN TURNS  
"IMPOSSIBLE" PLAYS INTO  
EASY OUTS.

CIMON  
HOME, BOYD!

A DANGEROUS HITTER WITH  
MEN ON BASE, VERN'S SPECIALTY  
IS DRIVING IN RUNS. IN 1944 HIS  
109 RBI'S TOPPED THE AMERICAN  
LEAGUE. FOLLOWING YEAR "JUNIOR"  
WAS LEAGUE HOME RUN CHAMPION  
WITH 29 CIRCUIT CLOUTS.

WITH  
WHEATIES  
- TERRIFIC!

"MY IDEA OF A SWELL-  
TASTING BREAKFAST DISH  
IS A HEAPING BOWLFUL OF  
WHEATIES - TOPPED WITH  
MILK AND SLICED BANANAS!"  
SAYS VERN STEPHENS.  
"WHEATIES HAVE HEADED  
UP MY LIST FOR A  
LONG TIME."

WHEATIES

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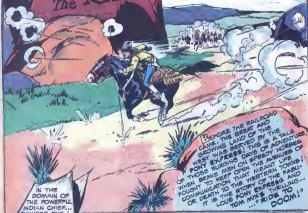
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# TOM MIX

## and The RIDE to DOOM!



THROUGH THE RAILROAD CANYON, THE GREAT AND GLORIOUS LAND OF THE WEST WAS SERVED BY THE FORT EXPRESS. THIS IS A TALE OF THOSE BURNING DAYS OF ADVENTURE WHEN BRAVE MEN ON SPEDDY HORSES FOUGHT TO KEEP OPEN THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION THAT KEPT THE PEOPLE OF THE WESTERN WORLD ALIVE. IT IS THE STORY OF THE FORT EXPRESS AND ITS RIDE TO DOOM!

IN THE DOMAIN OF THE POWERFUL INDIAN CHIEF... THUNDER EYE!



THEREFORE, LET US NOW LIVE IN PEACE! LET WHITE MAN AND RED MAN RESPECT EACH OTHER'S RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES!

YOU HAVE BROKEN MY TOWNS!

OUR FATE IS SEALED IN THE SMOKE OF THE PEACE PIPE! NO LONGER NEED THE WHITE MAN FEAR THE WAR DRUMS OF THUNDER EYE!





ONLY THE BLACK HEART OF EAGLE NECK IS UNSATISFIED.....

THUNDER EYE IS A DOWARD AND WEAKLING! IF I WERE CHIEF, OUR TRIBE NEVER WOULD MAKE PEACE WITH THE WHITE MAN.



I'LL BE SEEING YOU AGAIN! THE FOLKS IN DOBIE NEVE WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR OF THE NEW PEACE TREATY!



THE WHITE MAN CANNOT BE TRUSTED TO KEEP HIS WORD! IT IS FAR BETTER TO DRIVE THEM OUT OF OUR LANDS WITH FIRE AND SHARP ARROWS!

GOOD-BY, CHIEF THUNDER EYE!



BUT FOR ONE MAN IN DOBIE NEVE OF THE PEACE TREATY COMES AS A MOST UNWELCOME SURPRISE....

I HEARD IN TOWN, JED, THAT BRAD COLLINS GOT THE RIGHTS TUN RUN A NEW PONY EXPRESS LINE THROUGH OLD THUNDER EYE'S TERRITORY!

HE BEAT ME TUN IT!



THAT ROUTE IS MOREN A HUNDRED MILES SHORTER THAN THE ONE IM OPERATING. NO ONE DARED USE IT BEFORE, COWBOYS TUN THE DANGER OF THUNDER EYE'S BEAVER KILLING THE RIDERS!



NO DANGER OF THEY NOW! TOM AMX SIGNED THAT ACCURSED PEACE TREATY...

TREATIES CAN BE BROKEN! BRAD COLLINS IS A-SONNA RUN TUN MORE TROUBLE THAN A CASE OF SOBSCARS. OR WE HAVE AINT JED DECKTER!



SOON, JED DECKTER AND THE VILLANOUS EAGLE NECK GET TOGETHER....

YUN CAN GET SOME OF THE WOTHEADED BEAVERS TO FOLLER YUN! I'LL RAY WELL, IF YUN MAKE SURE THE NEW PONY EXPRESS LINE DONT OPERATE!

WILL DO!



NEXT DAY, BRAD COLLINS AND TOM RIX INSPECT THE NEW TERRITORY...

THAT'LL BE THE FIRST STOP ON THE NEW LINE, TOM! FULLY EQUIPPED WITH FRESH HORSES AND PROVISIONS FOR THE RIDER!

WHEN WILL THE WORK BE COMPLETED, BRAD?



I'VE GOT TUN DELIVER THE FIRST MAIL BY THE 25TH OF THIS MONTH...OR I WON'T GET THE MAIL CONTRACT! -BUT I'LL DO IT!

THE NEW, FAST SERVICE WILL MEAN A LOT TO THE PEOPLE OF DOBIE!



SUDDENLY!

BAM! OHHH! I'M HIT! BAM!



I- I'M ALL RIGHT, TOM! GET THOSE HANCY ASSAGINGS!

RIGHT!...DID DIRT, TONY!



THEY'RE INDIANS! THUNDER EYED BRAVES ARE ACTING UP!



WHOOAAA, TONY!



THOSE INDIAN HORSES AREN'T SHOO! THEY DON'T LEAVE ANY TRAIL ON THIS HARD ROCK! NO USE TRYING TO FIND THEM!



PIS, TONY! WE'LL GET BRAD COLLINS TO A DOCTOR! THEN WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH CHIEF THUNDER EYE!



LATER, AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE....  
WE ARE SHAMED! THE HONOR OF MY PEOPLE IS AT STAKE! I DID NOT ORDER THIS ATTACK!

I WAS SURE YOU DIDN'T, THUNDER EYE!



I'VE ALWAYS FOUND INDIANS TO BE GOOD AT KEEPING THEIR WORD! BUT SOMEONE IN YOUR TRIBE IS ALWAYS TO STIR UP TROUBLE!

IF I FIND HIM, HE WILL PAY DEARLY!



THE FIRST PONY EXPRESS MESSENGER WILL RIDE THROUGH YOUR TERRITORY SOON! I HOPE YOU FIND THE GUILTY ONES BEFORE THEN!

I WILL DO MY BEST! YOUR MESSENGER WILL PASS IN SAFETY!



MEANWHILE...

NOT A SINGLE DELIVERY SCHEDULED FOR TOMORROW, JED! THAT'S WITH THE NEW PONY EXPRESS STARTS!

I CAN'T TRUST BABLE HECK AND HIS RIDERS TO DO THE JOB! THERE'S ONE SURE WAY TO MAKE CERTAIN THE MESSENGER DON'T GET THROUGH...



HE WON'T EVEN START! BRAD COLLINS' RIDER IS STAYING AT THE HOTEL ARROYO TONIGHT! BUT HE'LL BE MISSING TOMORROW.

HE SHORE WILL! HA-HA!

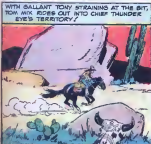
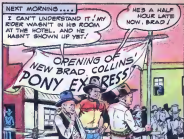
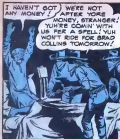


THAT NIGHT, AT THE HOTEL ARROYO...

DON'T REACH FOR THAT GUN, MISTER! OR YOU'LL CHURN ON A PIECE OF LEAD!

WHAT DO YUH WANT?





LEAVING TOWN SHORTLY BEFORE TOM MIX, JED DICKTER ARRIVES AT A RENDEZVOUS....

THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER IS ON HIS WAY! WE KIDNAPPED THE FIRST ONE, BUT TOM MIX TOOK HIS PLACE. IT'S UP TO YOU NOW, EAGLE NECK!

WE ARE READY!



THE RELIEF STATION IS ABOUT FOURTEEN MILES FROM HERE! YUH KNOW WHAT TUN DO!

WE KNOW! WE'LL BE NO HORSEES THERE FOR MIX TO RIDE!



AS TOM MIX HEARS THE RELIEF STATION....

NOT MUCH FURTHER TO GO, TONY!

WHAT'S THAT?



SHOTS! COMING FROM THE RELIEF STATION....

...DIE DIRT, TONY!



WHAT'S UP, BOYS?

RUIN RANGERS! SHOOT DOWN ON US OUTTA NOWHERE! PROVE OFF EVERY ROSE IN THE CORRAL!



WE KEPT BLAZING AWAY AT THE RED DEVILS! BUT THEY GOT AWAY CLEAN.

IT'S PRETTY CLEAR, THAT SOMEONE DOESN'T WANT THE PONY EXPRESS TO FINISH ITS RUN!



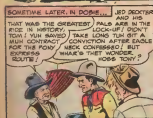
BUT HE'S GONNA BE SURPRISED! HOW FAR IS THE NEXT STATION?

THAT AIN'T NONE - UNTIL LOS BATOS! THAT HOSB'LL NEVER MAKE IT!









**TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!**

BROADCAST FROM COAST TO COAST OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK, MONDAY THRU FRIDAY AT 5:45 P. M.





# GABBY HAYES

**TRAIL OF GOLD**

GABBY HAYES!  
STOP RUNNING!  
IT WON'T  
HURT A  
BIT!

HELP!  
SOMEBODY  
STOP THAT  
LOCO  
WOMAN!

ALNT HESTER IS  
CHASING AFTER  
GABBY'S HAIR  
AGAIN, FEED!

HA,  
HA,  
HA!

AT THE EARLY  
CATCH THERE  
IS TROUBLE  
BETWEEN  
GABBY HAYES  
AND ALNT HESTER  
— AS USUAL!

I ONLY WANT  
TO TELL THAT  
AWFUL HAIR!  
YOU LOOK  
MORE LIKE A  
BUFFALO THAN  
A MAN!

DON'T YOU TOUCH  
MY HAIR, HESTER!  
I AMT ALWAYS  
TO LOOK LIKE A  
SISIFIED DUDE!

NO HAREOUT...  
NO ROODS!  
SO THERE!

THAT'S THE LAST STRAW!  
I'M LEAVING PER PARTS  
UNKNOWN! KNEEL, CORNER!











GABBY REFLEWS  
TO HIS CAMP —

HEY, WHO — ?  
OH, IT'S GABBY!  
WHAT'S THE BIG  
LAUGH FOR?

HA, HA! DID I TRICK THEM,  
BADMEN! I (HAW HAW)...  
I DROVE ALL THEIR HORSES  
AWAY!



GREAT, GABBY! NOW'S  
OUR CHANCE TO MAKE  
THE BORDER —  
TONIGHT!

BORDER? WHAT  
YOU WANT TO  
REACH THE  
BORDER FERT?  
THAT DON'T  
SOUND HONEST!



DON'T YOU  
SEE, GABBY?  
THEN THE  
BORDER  
RANGERS  
WILL  
PROTECT US!

YOU'RE RIGHT!  
THAT'S SMART  
THINKING!  
LET'S GIT!  
KNEEL,  
CORKER!



IT'S PITCH  
DARK! YOU  
SURE YOU  
KNOW THE  
WAY TO THE  
BORDER,  
GABBY?

WEE? WHY I  
KNOW THESE  
MOUNTAIN  
TRAILS LIKE  
THE PALM  
OF MY HAND!  
JUST TRUST  
GABBY  
HAYES!



BESIDES, I CAN  
SEE IN THE DARK  
LIKE A CAT! IT'S  
LIKE BROAD  
DAYLIGHT TO ME  
AND — UHPS!



COMES THE DAWN...

THIS IS THE SAME  
PLACE HE STARTED  
FROM! YOU LED US  
IN A BIG CIRCLE  
ALL NIGHT, YOU  
OLD GEEZER!

DORRONE  
IF I DIDN'T!



I'LL FLUG  
YOU —  
HAW!

BORDER  
CORKER!

**C**ORKER IS ALSO THE ONLY  
HORSE IN THE WEST THAT  
CAN RUN SIDWAYS!



THAT GUY'S LED ME  
RIGHT INTO THE  
HANDS OF THE  
POSSIES!

POSSIE?

DEAR SKY,  
BOW! YOU  
HAVEN'T GOT  
A CHANCE!



YOU'RE GABBY HAYES!  
GREAT WORK, LEADING  
THEM IN A CIRCLE!  
RECKON THEY CAPTURED  
YOU AND FORCED YOU  
TO SLIDE THEM, EH?

HUNT ON  
SURE—SURE!  
THAT'S ---  
GUY --- HOW  
IT HAPPENED,  
SHERIFF!



BUT THE  
GOLD! IT'S  
**GONE!**  
ONLY  
WORTHLESS  
ROCKS IN  
THE SACK

ON THAT! WELL, YOU SEE,  
I SHIPPED THE GOLD  
OUTTA THE SACK AND  
FEDDERING IT LAST NIGHT,  
FEEDING IT WOULD  
BE SAFER FROM THE ---  
(GUY) --- **SHERIFF!**



ONLY TROUBLE IS---  
I FLUNG FORGOT  
WHAT I CACHED  
THAT GOLD! IT'S  
SOMEWHERE IN THESE  
HILLS!

WELL,  
YOU'RE  
NOT  
LEAVING  
HERE TILL  
YOU FIND  
IT!



I RECKON  
THERE'S ONLY  
ONE PLACE I  
CAN GO! TO  
THE CORNER!

WELL, HE FINALLY GOT THE GOLD BACK!  
BUT IF YOU EVER EVEN PASS THROUGH  
MY TERRITORY AGAIN, GABBY HAYES,  
I'LL ARREST YOU ON SIGHT!



LATER... BACK AT THE BAR O' RANCH!

I TOOK RITY ON YOU  
ALL AND CAME BACK!  
AFTER ALL, HOW CAN  
THE BAR O' GIT ALONG  
WITHOUT ME?

BESIDES, I BET YOU GOT  
HUNGRY FOR  
AUNT HESTER'S  
DELICIOUS  
FOOD.



OH MIGHTY @LAD YOU'RE  
BACK, GABBY! I WON'T  
CUT YOUR HAIR IF YOU  
JUST **ADMIT** YOU LIKE  
MY COOKING! WALT?

YOU DRIVE A  
HARD BARGAIN,  
HESTER! BUT  
ALL RIGHT, THE  
GOLD AIN'T  
**BAD!**

# YOUNG FALCON *in "THE ESCAPE"*

YOUNG FALCON, SON OF THE CHIEF OF THE MASSACREDED TIEFEATHER TRIBE, HAD VOWED TO REGAIN THE TRIBAL EMBLEM RIGHTFULLY HIS FROM THE EVIL, RENEGADE SLAYERS OF HIS PEOPLE. BUT DAWN BRINGS ONE MORE ON A COULGE OF WAR AT THE RENEGADES' CAMP---

YOUNG FALCON IS IN THE WOODS JUST OUTSIDE CAMP, WITH HIM STILL ALIVE, OUR CLAIM TO BEING THE HERO OF THE TRIBE IS IN JEOPARDY. YOU ALL KNOW HOW HE HAS BEEN FLAUNTING US!

YES, BLACK-MOON. HE GIVES US NO REST! HE MUST BE DESTROYED!



AND DESTROYED HE WILL BE! MY PLAN TO TRAP HIM CANNOT FAIL. YOU ALL KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO DO.....

LET US GO!

YES, WE WILL STRIKE WITH THE RISING SUN. THE ADVANCE SCOUTS WILL MOVE SILENTLY IN FRONT OF US AND ENSNARE YOUNG THE FALCON!



AND AS DAWN RISES OVER THE WOODS, YOUNG FALCON WAKENS FROM HIS BED OF LEAVES.

AH.....A FINE MORNING HAS DAWNED. PERHAPS TODAY I WILL HAVE MY CHANCE TO GET THE TRIBAL TOTEM.



BUT SUDDENLY--HIS EARS, KEENER THAN A STAG'S, HEAR A FAINT SOUND IN THE DISTANT UNDERBRUSH---

THE SOUND OF STEALTHY STEPS...FROM MANY SIDES THEY COME...







THE SOUNDS ARE THE SOUNDS OF DANSEL, FROM THE TOP OF THIS TREE I SHALL BE ABLE TO SEE WHO IT IS THAT CREEPS LIKE A MOUNTAINCAT!



IT'S BLACKMOON AND HIS HUNTERS!...THEY HAVE PREPARED A TRAP I CANNOT ESCAPE. THEY CLOSE IN ON ALL SIDES, BUT ONE....



...AND ON THAT ONE, I AM SOUND BY THE RUSHING RAPIDS. THEY EXPECT TO HEAR ME AGAINST ITS BANKS WHERE I SHALL BE SLAIN. THEY KNOW IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SWIM THE RAPIDS!



THEY HAVE PLANNED PERFECTLY....I AM ALREADY TRAPPED. THEY CLOSE IN QUICKLY, BUT THE SON OF A CHIEF DOES NOT TRAP EASILY, THEY WILL SEE!



THERE GOES ONE OF THE ADVANCE SCOUTS. THE OTHERS ARE CLOSE BEHIND. I MUST ACT FAST!



YOU HUNT FOR ME, BUT NOW YOU HAVE FOUND ME!

UUUUUUH...



SECONDS LATER....

HIS BOW AND ARROW AND THIS LENGTH OF TWINE FROM HIS WAIST ARE WHAT I WANT. NOW I MUST HURRY TO THE TREES AT THE SHORE OF THE RAPIDS!

WHAT HAS YOUNG FALCON IN MIND? WHY DOES HE RACE FOR THE RAPIDS THAT HE CANNOT SWIM AND WHERE HE WILL SURELY BE TRAPPED??

REACHING THE TREES AT THE RAPIDS' SHORE, YOUNG FALCON PAUSES, AND---



I HEAR THEM..... THEY HAVE FOUND THEIR ADVANCE SCOUT. NOW THEY KNOW I AM NEARLY IN THEIR CLUTCHES!



THEY WILL BE UPON ME IN A MOMENT! THIS PLAN OF MINE MUST WORK.... OR ELSE...!

GOOD! THE ARROW HAD STRUCK HARD INTO THE TOP OF THAT TREE ON THE OTHER SHORE.



JUST AS BLACKWOOD AND HIS HUNTERS CLOSE THEIR TRAP, YOUNG FALCON TAKES TO THE AIR LIKE THE BIRD WHOSE NAME HE BEARS!

LOOM--THERE HE GOES! SEND YOUR SHAPTS AFTER HIM!



YAAAA! THE FALCON HAS FLOWN YOUR TRAP!

HA-NA-HA... BLACKWOOD! YOU WILL HAVE OTHER CHANCES TO CATCH ME... NEVER FEAR! I WILL TORTURE YOUR EVIL HEART FOR MANY MOONS! YOU HAVE NOT SEEN THE LAST OF YOUNG FALCON!



THRILLING AND EXCITING! IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF REAL WESTERN HERO YOUNG FALCON BEYONDS THE EVIL RING - GADDS!

**BOYS AND GIRLS!**

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# THE UNTAMED

*A Red Roan Adventure*

*By Dick Kraus*

**B**LACKIE NORTON studied the distant hills with his field glasses. Lines furrowed across his bronzed forehead, and his lips twisted, as he found what he was looking for—a herd of slow-moving wild horses. Fifteen or twenty mares, several colts and yearlings—and the boss of the outfit, a tall, graceful strawberry roan stallion.

"C'mere, Cliff," Blackie muttered. "Take a look at that herd . . . an' at that stallion!"

Cliff Bales took the binoculars from his boss' hand.

Slowly, he focused them on the distant hill . . . and then he too grunted. He put the glasses down and turned toward Blackie Norton.

"Fine," he said. "It's a good herd. It'd be worth plenty if you could round it up. But you ain't goin' to. Did you see that big stallion at the head of it?"

"The roan?"

"Yeh," nodded Cliff Bales. "They call him Red Roan. He's the fastest stallion—the smartest boss ever seen in these parts. Folks have been tryin' to round up his herd for years—without even gattin' a sniff of 'em. So you might as well give up right now. Blackie, an' not waste your time. Red Roan won't be caught!"

"Oh, no!"

Angrily, Blackie Norton jammed the glasses into their case and knesed his horse forward into a canter.

"We're roundin' up that herd, Cliff. I'm sellin' the mares for rodeo an' ranch work—an' I'm gonna keep th' big red boss for myself. Hear me? We're roundin' 'em up—startin' now!"

When Blackie Norton said a thing, he meant it. A seasoned veteran of the ranch country, and of the Colorado hills, he had done just about everything a drifting cow waddy could do. He had been a cook, straw boss and horse wrangler. Right now, he and Cliff Bales were working at rounding up wild horses and unbranded strays, selling them to the highest bidder. It was open and above-board, according to the law, but many ranch and cattlemen disliked men like Blackie, because of their tactics and cruelty.

Now, as he quirted his big bay horse into a ground-covering canter, Blackie went

over the ways he and Cliff might round up Red Roan's herd.

"We might be able to trap the whole shbang of 'em in a dead-end arroyo. But I doubt that, if th' roan's as smart as you say he is, Cliff. Or, we might work in relays to tire 'em out. But that would take more men an' horses than we've got. If I get close enough for a good shot, I might be able to crease his forehead, an' get him that way. Or . . ."

"Or?"

Blackie hesitated. "I just wonder, Cliff. It's against the law, but it might just work. Did you ever hear of usin' barbed wire to catch a herd?"

"Barbed wire? How does that work, Blackie?"

Swiftly, the horse dealer explained his plan. Red Roan would probably be too smart to lead his herd up a blind alley—one that he knew to have no escape. But if they could find an arroyo or small valley with a couple of narrow entrances, and bottle up one of them with barbed wire . . . they might be able to trick the herd into entering it. And when that was done . . .

"Why, we'll have 'em dead to rights," Blackie Norton exclaimed. "We'll just rope 'em one at a time—an' brand 'em, rope 'em together an' take 'em down to market. Escape for Red Roan, I'm a-keepin' him for myself!"

"Not bad," nodded Cliff Bales. "Have you got barbed wire?"

"Right down in our supply wagon! Let's get it an' go to work!"

**THAT WAS THE WAY IT** started. At first Red Roan was not worried when the two riders began to trail his herd. He was used to the two-footed creatures who thought they could trap his mares and colts. Always, through his cunning and stamina, and his knowledge of the hills, he had brought the herd through safely. Never had the riders come close to trapping the herd.

But these two men were persistent! Day and night, one of them was always trailing the herd. One slept and the other continued the relentless pursuit. The herd was unable to stop and graze or drink, for more than short periods of time. The chase was taking on the herd's condition.

(Please turn to next page)

# GILLETTE BIKE TIRE FACTS

MAKING THE HEaviest—AND CERTAINLY THE STRANGEST—TIRE EVER MADE ARE THE GIANT BALLOONS ON THE "SAFETY" DUCCY". IN A WISE SEARCH FOR OIL, THESE AMAZING TIRES MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO PENETRATE REGIONS NEVER BEFORE EXPLORED... THROUGH DESERT SWAMPS AND BOGOY LANES. WIRE RUBBER RIBS MAKE EACH TIRE A PROUD—WHEEL IN TRAVELLING THROUGH WATER."



THOUGH IT WOULD HARDLY DO IN MODERN TRAFFIC, THE "SPOON BRAKE" OF 1864 WAS GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S PRIDE AND JOY. A FEW FAST SPINS OF THE DEVELOPING HANDLE-BAR TIGHTENED THE CABLE LEADING TO THE BRAKE, PREPARED THE BRAKE AGAINST THE REAR WHEEL.



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## GILLETTE



## Bicycle Tires

Then, one day, Blackie Norton sprang the trap.

Cliff had been trailing the herd through the night, until they were nervous and edgy. Then, as they trotted across the plain, Blackie suddenly galloped out of hiding, firing his revolver in the air. Instantly alert, Red Roan wheeled about, whinnying shrilly.

"There they go," Cliff shouted. "It's workin'!"

"It was true," Red Roan, not knowing that the night before Blackie had strung a fence of barbed wire across the other entrance, was leading the herd into its narrow arroyo.

"We've got 'em," Blackie grinned triumphantly. "There's not a way in th' world for them to get out!" He waved at Cliff. "Hey, Bales. Stay here in this entrance. They won't dare to come near you. I'm goin' in to see if I can get a rope on the big one."

Kneeling his mount forward cautiously, Blackie Norton saw the wild horse herd nervously milling around at the other end of the arroyo. One or two of the young colts had brushed against the barbed wire, and had been painfully pricked. Now the entire herd was staying clear of the fence.

Blackie slowly shook his larlet loose, and fashioned a loop. Swinging it in an easy curve, he approached Red Roan.

Ears pricked, the big strawberry stallion cantered away gracefully. But Blackie was in no hurry.

Round and around the walls of the tiny arroyo, Red Roan trotted, head tossing high and beautiful mane waving. His eyes and sensitive nostrils explored every possible opening—but he soon came to realize the truth.

"The herd was bottled in!" There were only two entrances to the canyon. The rider blocked one, barbed wire the other.

Then Red Roan made up his mind!

Neighing loudly and clearly, he wheeled and galloped toward the barbed wire-blocked entrance at top speed. Immediately, the other horses of the herd fell in behind him. Blackie Norton watched, without worrying. "What do you think you're goin' to do Red Roan?" Ply over that fence!"

Dramatically the answer came as the great red stallion flung himself straight at the fence. His weight bore against it, forcing it down. He fell forward, and the strands of barbed wire bit cruelly into his silky side, tearing and ripping great bloody gashes. But he had shown the way. One section of the fence was down. There was

a gap for the other horses to gallop through. And they took full advantage of it, thundering through the narrow entrance to the freedom that lay past it!

"Well, I'll be—!" scarled Blackie Norton. "The mule-headed cayote!"

Angrily, he spurred his bay into a gallop. His larlet swung out in a wide loop over his head. All of the herd had gone through, but Red Roan was just starting to clamber up from the fence he had held down so painfully. There was a chance...

The horse dealer's larlet flashed out. It whipped through the air and settled cleanly over Red Roan's arched neck.

"That does it!" half-shouted Blackie Norton. "I'd give up the whole herd anytime, just to get a horse like that!"

Grinning, he pulled the rope taut. Red Roan was standing now, trembling, the rope around his neck, his sides bleeding in a dozen spots from the cruel barbs. His great luminous eyes were fixed on Norton, as the man approached him.

"Steady," hushed Blackie. He wound the rope tight around the base of a nearby pine, and picked up a thick branch that lay at the root of the tree. Slowly he walked toward Red Roan.

Angrily, the horse reared upright, his hooves lashing out at Blackie.

"Why, you red devil," snarled the man. With the branch, he clubbed swiftly at the stallion's head. Frantically, with all his strength, Red Roan pulled away. And, as he did so, the larlet, which had been hastily coiled about the pine, began to unwind. It flaked around the tree like a snake. Red Roan was pulling it loose.

"He'll get away!" gasped Norton.

Leaping forward, he clutched the loose rope. But now Red Roan was plunging for the gap in the barbed wire where the fence was pressed down. As Blackie grabbed the rope, he was pulled along, irresistibly to the barbed wire fence. There he was caught. He fell forward, as the stallion had done, and once again the barbs of the fence clucked painfully.

"RYING out, the dealer released the rope trapped by the wire that he himself had put up. And now Red Roan, loose once again, galloped toward the open prairie, rejoicing in the freedom he had won, for himself and his herd."

THE END

RED ROAN gallops to adventure in every issue of REAL WESTERN HERO.

# MONTE HALE

## "DUEL TO THE DEATH"

**F**OR YEARS, PEACE HAD REIGNED IN THE CHEYENNE TERRITORIES. THEN SUDDENLY, A WAVE OF HOSTILITY BROKE OUT, PITTING A RAVAGING HORDE OF INDIANS AGAINST THEIR WHITE NEIGHBORS / WHO—OR WHAT—WAS BEHIND THIS SAVAGE ON-SLAUGHTER? IT'S UP TO HARD-BODIED MONTE HALE TO FIND OUT, WITH THE AID OF AN UNEXPECTED ALLY... HIS BLOOD-BROTHER!



RIDING ALONG A MOUNTAIN TRAIL, MONTE HALE?



SIT ALONG, LITTLE DOBIES, SIT ALONG.



SURELY!

WACHA PARTNER, LOOKS LIKE A LITTLE RUCKUS GOING ON AHEAD OF US... ONE WE MIGHT TAKE A HAND IN / LET'S GET GOING!

WHAT DOES MONTE SEE?



THE POWERFUL BIRD OF PREY  
GRABS FIRST BLOOD!



THERE! THAT'LL  
TAKE THE FIGHT  
OUT OF HIM!



THE EAGLE FLEES...







**AS MONTE HALE DRESSES THE YOUNG INDIAN'S ARM...**



ONCE AGAIN, MONTE FLAMES INTO ACTION!

OH, OH! A BAND OF INDIANS—AND THEY'RE ATTACKING A HOMESTEADER'S OUTPOST! AHEAD I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CHANGE SIDES—



—IF I'M TO STICK WITH THE UNDERDOGS!



NEED ANY HELP, MISTER?

A STRANGER? I SHOULD GO, IF I HOPED YOU KEEP THE SCALP ON MY HEAD! THOSE VARMINTS OUT THERE CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE—BUT I RECKON THEY WON'T BE SO SASSY NOW!



WITH MONTE'S UNERRING GUN IN PLAY, THE ODDS ARE EQUALLED!



NICE GOING, STRANGER! THAT'S THE SECOND YUH'VE WIGNED!



TURN! ALL WARRIORS—BACK TO CAMP!

FLY! WHITE MEN READ TOO GOOD!



THAT THEY DO, STRANGER! YUH'VE DRIVEN THEM OFF—WITHOUT TOO MUCH DAMAGE—EXCEPT THEM!

TELL ME, WHY DID THEY ATTACK YOU? WHAT WERE THEY AFTER? I THOUGHT THE CHEYENNES IN THESE PARTS WERE LIVING PEACEFULLY WITH THE WHITE SETTLERS!



WE AMP BEEN GETTIN' ALONG  
FINE WITH THE INDIANS SINCE  
UNTIL JUST LAST WEEK.  
THEN THEY COMMENCED  
RAISIN' TROUBLE, ATTACKIN'  
OUR SHANTIES AND BURNIN'  
OUR CROPS/NO ONE  
KNOWS WHY...

I SEE!  
BUT  
SOMEONE  
HAD  
BETTER  
FIND OUT!

IT'S GETTING DARK,  
BUT I THINK I CAN  
FOLLOW THE CHEYENNES'  
TRAIL TO THEIR CAMP.  
THEN WE'LL SEE  
WHAT HAPPENS!

THROUGH THE GATHERING  
DUSK, MONTE HALL  
PURSUES THE INDIANS.  
THEM...

THERE'S A FIRE...AND  
TEPEES! MUST BE THE  
INDIAN'S CAMP. I'LL  
DISMOUNT AND  
WIGGLE UP...



...LIZARD-LIKE. THEY  
SEEM TO BE HAVING  
SOME KIND OF  
MEETING. THINK  
I'LL LISTEN IN!



THEN, O CHIEF, A SECOND MAN  
JOINED THE FARMER. HIS EYE  
WAS AS THAT OF THE LYNX,  
AND HIS BLOW AS THAT  
OF THE GREAT BEAR!

SO YOU  
WERE  
DRIVEN  
OFF?



BAR! I TELL YUH, GRAY  
WOLF, TUH DRIVE THESE  
NESTERS OUT OF MYAR—  
YUH'VE GOT TUH SEND  
YORE WHOLE TRIBE  
ON THE WAGPATH!



BUT WE DO NOT WANT WAR WITH ALL  
THE WHITE MEN, PINK BARTER. ONLY WITH  
THOSE WHO ARE TAKING OUR LAND!

LISTEN  
TUH HE, CHIEF! TUH BE SARE—YUH'VE  
GOT TUH DRIVE THEM ALL AWAY!  
THEY'S WHY I'M SUPPLYING  
YUH WITH GUNS AND  
AMMUNITION!

WHAT'S THIS PINK BARTER, THE MAN WHO'S BEEN  
STIRRING UP THE CHEYENNES, A WHITE MAN?



SEEMS TO ME I'VE HEARD THAT NAME... **DARK BARTER!** HE'S A WHITE TRADER WHO CAME TO THESE PARTS RECENTLY. SO HE'S BEEN MAKING TROUBLE!



WAL, GRAY WOLF? I AM WHITE, IT IS TRUE, BUT I AM YOUR FRIEND. I TELL YOU THESE NESTERS ARE OUT TO DESTROY YOU!

YOU ARE RIGHT, BARTER!



UNTIL TODAY, WE HAVE ONLY CARRIED OUT SCATTERED RAIDS, BUT NOW—WE GO ON WARPATH!

WAIT, GRAY WOLF! YOU ARE MAKING A MISTAKE!



BARTER MAY CLAIM TO BE YOUR FRIEND, BUT HIS ADVICE IS BAD! FOR EVERY WHITE MAN YOU KILL, FEAR WILL COME! YOU WILL BE PUNISHED, IF YOU DO NOT KEEP THE PEACE!

PUNISHED? WHO ARE YOU, TO KNOW THIS?



IT IS THE ONE WHOSE EYE IS AS THE LYNX, WHOSE BLOW IS LIKE THE BEAR!

IT IS HE WHO DROVE US AWAY FROM THE HOME-STEADER'S CHANTY... WHO WOUNDED TWO OF OUR WARRIORS!



THAT IS TRUE, BUT I COME IN PEACE, FOR YOUR GOOD AND MINE! DARK BARTER SPEAKS WITH A FORCED TONGUE. YOU MUST STOP THIS BLOODSHED AT ONCE!



SAN! Y'VEN ASKED FOR IT, STRANGER... AND YUH'RE A-SITTIN' IT!

OWHH...

MONTE FIGHTS BACK DESPERATELY...

NOT SO...  
FAST...  
BARTER!

GOOOFF...  
SEIZE HIM,  
WARRIORS!



...UNTIL HE IS OVERPOWERED.

HE FIGHTS LIKE A  
DOZEN MEN... BUT WE  
HAVE HIM / WHAT WILL  
BE HIS FATE, O GRAY  
WOLF?

WHAT DO YOU  
THINK, OIRK  
BARTER?



LASH HIM TO A STAKE,  
AND BURN HIM, GRAY WOLF.  
HE IS AN ENEMY OF YOUR  
TRIBE AND MUST DIE!

THE CHIEF'S COMMANDS  
ARE GIVEN. SWIFTLY A  
STAKE IS PLANTED IN THE  
GROUND, AND A FUNERAL  
PYRE IS ERECTED!

THE FLAMES RISE.  
WE DANCE -  
RITUAL OF  
DEATH!

DEATH TO  
ENEMY!  
DEATH TO  
INTRUDER!



BARTER, YOU CAN'T LET THEM DO THIS!  
YOU'LL BE HANGED FOR A RENEGADE!

FOR A RENEGADE?  
LISTEN, STRANGER I'VE  
GOT MUCH REASONS FOR  
SENDING THE CHEYENNES  
ON THE  
WARPATH!

THEY'VE GOT A RICH VEIN OF GOLD  
OFF BACK IN THE MOUNTAINS. I'M THE  
ONLY WHITE MAN WHO KNOWS 'BOUT  
IT... AND I'M KEEPING ALL THE OTHERS  
AWAY. TILL I CLEAN IT OUT!  
SAVVY?



LOWER, LOWER, REACH  
THE VORACIOUS FLAMES.  
AS MONTE HALE STRUGGLES  
TO BURST HIS BONDS!



THEN!

STOP! THE WHITE  
MAN MUST NOT GO!  
HE IS MY FRIEND!  
MY BLOOD-BROTHER!



SWIFTLY, THE INDIAN BOY'S  
KNIFE SLAMMS AT  
MONTE'S BONDS!

HASTEN, MY  
BROTHER!  
SAVE  
YOURSELF!



WHAT IS THIS,  
GRAY FOX?  
WHY DO YOU  
FREE THE  
PRISONER?

BECAUSE HE IS MY  
BLOOD-BROTHER, FATHER!  
HE SAVED MY LIFE THIS  
AFTERNOON—FROM A  
GIANT EAGLE. I HAVE  
BEEN WALKING UP  
THROUGH THE  
MOUNTAINS TILL NOW—  
OR I WOULD HAVE  
SPOKEN BEFORE!



YOU SAY HE IS OUR  
FRIEND, THEN. BUT THE  
TRADER, BARTER,  
SAYS HE IS OUR  
ENEMY!

AND I SAY BARTER  
IS A LIAR! HE IS  
STIRRING YOU UP  
AGAINST THE  
WHITE MAN!



IT IS ONLY FOR HIS OWN  
GAIN! HE HOPES TO EMPTY  
THE MINE OF GOLD IN YOUR  
HILLS—BEFORE OTHER WHITE  
MEN DISCOVER IT! HE  
CARES NOT FOR YOUR  
WELFARE!

GIVE MY  
BROTHER  
AN EQUAL  
CHANCE  
AGAINST  
BARTER, FATHER.  
LET HIM PROVE  
HIS WORDS...  
OR DIE!



IT IS SAID! EACH  
SHALL PROVE THE  
TRUTH OF HIS WORDS—  
IN THE CHEYENNE  
DUEL TO THE  
DEATH!



DUEL TO THE DEATH! WHAT DOES GRAY  
WOLF MEAN??



EACH OF YOU WILL TAKE ONE END OF THE STRAP IN YOUR MOUTH. YOU WILL FIGHT WITH THE KNIVES - UNTIL ONE OF YOU LETS GO OF THE STRAP. THAT MAN... WILL DIE!



MONTE AND HIS UNSCRUPULOUS BOE KNEELY

ARE YOU READY, BARTER?

AS READY AS YOU ARE, MISTER. AND REMEMBER - ANYTHING GOES!



THEY CROUCH... THEY TAKE STRAP IN MOUTH!

DUEL BEGINS... BARTER REACHES BACK...



SUDDENLY, THE CUNNING BARTER TRIES A SURPRISE MOVE!

AGHES! HE'S TRYING TO BLIND ME!

NOW I'VE GOT HIM!



THE TRADER WOUNDS THE OTHER MAN!

GRAY FOX'S BLOOD-BROTHER GROPS KNIFE - HE IS DOOMED!



NOW YOU FINISH THIS MEDDLER! I'VE LOST MY KNIFE!

ONE GOT TO HOLD HIS WHIST! GOT TO!



SLOWLY, INEXORABLY, THE RENEGADE'S KEEN BLADE APPROACHES MONTE'S THROAT. AND, AS RELENTLESSLY, MONTE'S IRON GRIP TIGHTENS ON BARTER'S WRIST!

ONE MUST WEAKEN!!



WHEN...  
THERE!  
HE'S DROPPED!  
IT. NOW'S  
MY CHANCE!



BUT, AS MONTE RECOVERS  
THE TRADER'S SLAVE...

NOW IT'S YOUR  
TURN TO TAKE  
IT, BARTER!

NO! I WON'T LET  
YOU KILL ME!  
I'LL ESCAPE!



I'LL GET  
AWAY—AIEEE!  
THE  
FIRE!

AS HE FALLS INTO THE RAGING BLAZE, THE  
RENEGADE'S CLOTHES IMMEDIATELY  
BURN. IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS...



TH-THERE'S NOTHING  
WE CAN DO TO SAVE  
HIM! BUT WHAT A  
TERRIBLE WAY TO  
DIE!

IT WAS HIS  
FATE, STRANGER...  
JUST WHAT HE  
WOULD HAVE  
DONE TO YOU!



BUT BY YOUR BRAVERY AND  
HIS COURAGE YOU HAVE  
PROVED TO US THE  
TRUTH OF YOUR  
WORDS—THAT WE  
MUST LIVE IN  
PEACE WITH THE  
WHITE MAN! SO  
IT SHALL BE!!



THEN WE BOTH OWE  
THANKS TO YOUR SON  
AND MY BLOOD-BROTHER,  
GRAY FOX!

TELL ME, BROTHER,  
WILL YOU REMAIN  
HERE IN THE  
CAMPS OF THE  
CHEYENNE? WE  
WILL MAKE YOU  
A MIGHTY  
CHIEF!



I RECKON I'M TOO MUCH OF A  
DAMBLER TO DO THAT! I'VE GOT  
TO KEEP MOVING, BUT—WHO  
KNOWS—MAYBE SOME DAY  
WE'LL MEET AGAIN!

IF THEY DO MEET AGAIN, YOU CAN SET YOUR  
LAST SILVER DOLLAR THAT IT'LL BE IN ANOTHER  
PULSE-TINGLING WESTERN ADVENTURE. BE-  
CAUSE THAT'S THE KIND OF MAN MONTE HALL IS!



THE CROWD GIVES "TOUCHDOWN PETE"  
A HAND—HE CAN'T BE STOPPED—HE  
WEARS BALL-BAND.



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require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE SHEET**.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends  
and neighbors. Each pack contains 10 sparkling Xmas Soups  
in brilliant colors—a big value! When sold, send us the money  
and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize  
Sheet—all at what price you want.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 755, Lancaster, Pa.

## MORE PRIZES

Shown in our  
Big Prize Sheet  
Electric Photograph  
Air Pistol  
Beating Clover  
Jewelry  
Push Camera Quilt  
Tart Set  
Woodburning Set  
Pen & Pencil Set  
Traveling Case

OUR  
30th YEAR

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.  
Dept. 755, Lancaster, Pa.  
Please send me your Big Prize Sheet  
and one order of 40 Xmas Packs.  
I will send them at 10¢ each, send you  
the money, and get my prize.  
My choice of Prize is \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
in R.F.D. Box \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_



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rich in dextrose, blends rich chocolate coating  
with honey-combed peanut butter center and  
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